



Life of variety



6 2 3

Chapter 1 by Josef

I always decided to write the story

Chapter 2 by Grace Lye



But this time the story chose to write what happened to me...

Chapter 3 by Mo_Linsay



Some unknown force took my hand, as I was writing in my scrunched cabinet, as usual.

I was scared, but, every writer secretly wants to see stories come to life.

It was my one and only chance.

The pen moved in my sweaty hand, lashing out and tracing unseen marks, leaving deep inked engravings on the paper.

It wrote a story, about me. It didn't even stop writing in the night, when I let go of it and went back to bed. In the morning, it was still going non-stop; it carried on writing for a week or so, until one day it dropped dead.

This was the story that I read.

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